



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Of this gentleman's moral character little that is favourable can be said. Deprived of the inestimable advantage of an early and liberal education, unaccustomed to the charms of society, and a stranger to those pure and unmixed delights which the lover of literature alone can appreciate and enjoy, he formed a disreputable connexion, and several years after made atonement for his folly, by marrying the object of his indiscreet attachment. This mode of proceeding, however scandalous it may be thought in Ireland, is not very unusual among the learned gentlemen of England. The English bench at this moment verifies the remark. Barristers, whose entire days are devoted to professional drudgery, have often neither time nor inclination for a tedious courtship; and their hastily-selected brides do not always display either polish or education. Unquestionably, men who have led immoral lives ought not to be raised to the Bench, by a government which supports a numerous and enlightened clergy to watch over the morality and virtue of the people. Can a judge punish others for the infraction of those sacred obligations which he has himself broken? Will he exert his authority for the repression of the profligacy and vice of which he has himself been guilty? Lawyers should be elevated to the seat of Justice, not for their learning alone—they should likewise be men of spotless integrity in their public character, and of unsullied purity in their private lives. Such an opinion may perhaps be laughed at in these good times of liberalism and refinement, when religion is scouted, and morality condemned—but if it receive the sanction of the virtuous and the wise, the writer can afford to despise the scoffs and slanders of dissolute and abandoned knaves. Enough has been said to show, that such a man as the subject of this sketch ought not to be invested with any portion of the Church patronage of England. It might be placed in worthier and safer hands; in the hands of men who would not elevate to the highest dignities in the Church, whiffers and apostates, but clergymen steady in principle, of fervent piety and uncompromising virtue, to adorn the Church by their moral goodness, to defend it by their learning, and to establish it in the hearts of men by the soundness of their doctrines, and the unblemished purity of their lives.

W.

DEMONOLOGY—DREAMS AND APPARITIONS.

SIR—I shall ever maintain, careless of gainsayers, that the old Irish practice of sending children out to nurse with the peasantry, was productive of many advantages; and, I assert, that the gentry of the present generation, more especially on the western-side of the Shannon, who have been reared at home, know, and feel to their cost, that they are in many respects behind their forefathers, and that inferiority is mainly owing to the cause I have just mentioned. Allow me, Sir, to adduce an instance or two of this degradation—first, the constitutions of the home-bred youths are not so strong. Let physicians argue, and poets declaim as they may, against a mother resigning the nursing of her child to a hireling—I maintain, that it is better to consign the infant into the comely arms of a peasant's wife, whose constitution has been strengthened by labour—whose blood is as cool and wholesome as her diet—whose hours are regular, and sleep sound; than let the little being depend for nourishment on the luxurious lacteals of a mother, whose ladylike constitution is enfeebled by irregular hours, and unna-

tural diet—whose nerves are now excited, and now relaxed by tea and wines, and condiments ; and the hot and febrile stream that flows from her bosom, is too well calculated to generate rickets in the child, consumption in the adult, and gout in the man—and so the broad-breasted, tall race of our gentry, is now shrunk in their proportions, into a dandified generation of whipper-snappers, who depend upon the padding of a tailor, for the deficiencies of their mother's milk ; and no longer can these sons of little men venture at Bath or Cheltenham, to claim as their gigantic forefathers did, the hearts of English beauty, when with open ingenuous front, and firm step, and manly bearing, they wooed and won fortunate fair ladies. Another blessing attending on the out-nursing of our gentry was the connexion, the intimate social and brotherly connexion, that was formed between the peasantry and the gentry. Let political writers in Ireland have said what they may against *gossiping*, yet all who knew the happy relations that existed in the olden times between the fosterers and the fostered—how it formed a link of affection and devotedness which no circumstance could sever—no, nor even difference of religion dissolve ; when we also recollect, that it enabled the young gentlemen to sup in with his nurse's milk the Irish language, and thus as a future magistrate, or priest, or parson, hold converse with the people in *that* tongue, that can alone reach to the affections and the heart. When they thereby could master that language, which adults find so hard to acquire, and few, if any, of those who learn in middle life, can adequately pronounce—I hold that here was another advantage, and this brings me to another qualification, if such it may be called, which those who were nursed in the cottages of the peasantry acquired, and the consideration of which directs me home to the subject of my letter, from which it seems I have so strangely digressed. The Irish gentlemen nursed abroad, invariably acquired a belief in the reality of supernatural existences—a respect for fairies—a dread of ghosts—a terror of witches, and a shuddering at the mention of raw-head and bloody-bones.—I remember the stiffening awe with which I used to contemplate the form of Mistress Bridget O'Flanagan, who was considered in our village as a notorious witch, and how fearful I looked towards the copse wood, in which I was assured by my mammy nurse, that raw-head and bloody-bones resided.

Now, Sir, though aware that some inconvenience attended these credulities, which grew with my growth—I hold that such impressions were more reputable and ingenuous, than that cold scepticism, that neological Sadduceeism, I see pervading the rising race of men. I hold that a belief in the connexion between the two worlds, fitted men to fear both God and the king, and better kept them from meddling with those who are given to change, than the rationalism of the present day. Therefore, I do regret, as I have aforesaid, that Sir Walter Scott, should lend himself to destroy all the fond and wholesome credulities which should belong to a man who fears and believes in an invisible world. And now as to the belief in ghosts, I am sure that there is not one reader of this article, who, while reading it, cannot call to memory some well-authenticated and strongly attested relation of a ghost, a fetch, a banshee, or a supernatural dream. If he be a Romanist, he cannot refuse credit to what all the ancient fathers believed, and by which many of the tenets of their Church are corroborated. If he be a Church of England man, he cannot withhold his assent from what so many of the bishops of his Church have credited and recorded—if he be a Dissenter, he cannot discard what such a bright shining light of non-

conformity as Richard Baxter has maintained—and if he be a Methodist, he dare not—he must not renounce what Mister Wesley himself has asserted and advocated. I really, Mr. Editor, in adducing credible instances of supernatural existences, feel incumbered with the antiquity, the abundance, and the CATHOLICITY of my subject. If I throw my eye over the history of the human race, or barbarous, or civilized—let me consult the elegant Athenian, or the rude Scythian—let me ask the Roman, or the Goth—let me run from Greece and Italy, to Scandinavia or India, the same report is returned, and man, universal man, has acknowledged the connexion between the visible and invisible world. Do I hear of a fetch in Scotland? I read of the same warning appearance in Africa. Do I hear at home of a banshee? (which Sir Walter, in his ignorance, makes peculiar to Ireland)—I find from Cardan, that the same appearances are associated with the ancient families of Italy, and some of the princely houses of Germany. And from Persia and the utmost Ind, we have the same well authenticated records of fairies and good-people, that we have in the British isles, and in Germany.

But let us return to supernatural appearances, under the form of what we vulgarly call ghosts—and here I could adduce many ancient classical authors, giving their testimony to facts of the kind. I might from the time of Livy and Virgil, to that of Appolonius of Tyana, and so to the days of Saints Athanasius, Jerome, and Augustine, adduce many relations—but I know I cannot be diffuse—I might relate fully the story which Martin Luther records of Bishop Nicholas Armsdorf, who was awoken from his sleep, by the apparitions of two noblemen, who were many years dead, and by them made to sit down, and write a letter of their dictating to a German prince. I might recount at large, what Philip Melancthon relates of two doctors of the Council of Basil, who retiring into a neighbouring wood, to discuss amicably the subjects that were to come before them in synod the following day, were, wherever they walked in the forest glade, attended and interrupted by the sweet notes of a nightingale, who sang so loud, and yet so exquisitely, that no theological point could they discuss whatsoever; until one of them adjured the bird by Christ, to tell them who, and what it was—and it readily replied in good German, that it was a damned soul, consigned to sing away in that wood, until the judgment day, and then after that announcement it flew away shrieking—"Oh, how large and lasting is eternity!"

I might also relate many such narratives, as that which Vincentius, the historian, records, how in the reign of Roger, king of Sicily, a young and strenuous swimmer, taking his sport in the Straits of Messina, in the dusk of the evening, found some one catch him by the heel, and he believing it to be one of his companions, caught the person, in return, by the hair, and swam with it to land, but upon close inspection he found it to be a female of surpassing beauty, of face and form, whom taking home, nothing loth, to his house, under the shadow of the night, and cover of his cloak, he after a time married and lived happily and conjugally with—she bearing him a beautiful boy, and the only alloy to his happiness, was, that she always felt key cold, so much so, that whenever his toe touched her in bed, he felt a sensation as if he was alongside of a sturgeon, and not a woman. This created doubts, in his mind, which he communicated to a friend, who hinted as much, as that his wife was either a phantom or a mermaid; and under this doubt, and excited by an ungovernable curiosity, he one day took her son in his arms, and swore he would dash his head against the stones, unless she told him who and what she was—"a-well-a-day," cries the weeping spouse, "if you

insist on it, I must tell, but in doing so, you lose the fondest of wives—I am a phantom of the sea”—and so saying, she vanished. And some years after, as her son (a lovely boy) was bathing with his playmates in the sea, his mother's form rose from the deep, caught him away in her arms, and neither son or mother were ever heard of more. I leave some of my poetical friends to embellish with neat rhyme, this romantic, but true story, and proceed to one related by Fincelius, of a widow, a blood relation of Philip Melancthon, who, on a day, while sitting in her closet, and pondering over her state of single destitution, was accosted by her husband, not long since dead, who appeared, attended by a monk of dark visage and lofty stature, and thus the husband accosted in bland words, his disconsolate relict—"be of good courage, my dear wife—I feel I am yet your true husband, and grave and important causes impel me now to trouble you;" and then he continued to converse with her in solemn guise, and on serious subjects, for upwards of an hour, and, above all, he exhorted her to have masses said for his soul; and in order that she, and all belonging to her, might retain a perfect remembrance of the reality of his apparition, just as he was departing, he laid his hand upon his wife's wrist; which was instantly singed, as if burnt with a hot iron, and to the day of her death she carried a black mark of the ghost's four fingers and thumb.

Now, this appears to me an exact counterpart to the story so well known in Ireland, concerning a lady of the Beresford family, who, in consequence of a compact made with a sceptical friend, was visited by that deceased *ci devant* doubter, and who left with her just such another token of the realities of another world. I cannot here help recording, though it be an old story, what the learned Meric Casaubon declares he heard from that excellent and learned prelate, one of the brightest luminaries of the Church of England, Bishop Lancelot Andrews, and who, on his part, heard it from an eye witness, a parish minister, living in Lombard-street, in the city of London. This parson had a friend in his parish, a man of great wealth and unblemished probity, who, in a time of prevailing epidemic in the city, on being seized with the plague, sent for him as a minister; and he having explained to him the hope of the Gospel, and administered the eucharistical rites, in memory of a Saviour's sacrifice, stood by him while dying, nor left him till he was dead; and so it happened that some hours after his decease, and after the decent observances were made use of, preparatory to his sepulture, his wife returned to the funeral chamber, in order to get from a chest a piece of linen fit to make into a winding-sheet; and so, while bending over the chest, and intent upon her search, she hears a voice behind her from the bed, which said, "who is there?" The wife in great terror rose, and was hastening from the room, when she heard again the voice saying, "WHO IS THERE?" then she cried, "oh, my God! my husband is not dead, though we have been stretching him!" but he answered, "indeed, but I *was* dead, and I am *now* returned to life; for so beloved, it seemed good unto my God; but wife, dear, have you got any victuals? for I do hunger much." The wife replied, "that she had a joint of meat and a capon, in the larder, but that they were not cooked." "Oh! but," cries the man, "my stomach cannot stay—have you any bread and cheese?" to which his wife replied in the affirmative, and straightway brought them, and thereof he partook with as lively a stomach, as if he had never left the land of the living; and then calling for his friend the parson, and commanding all others to be removed from the room, he spoke as follows:—"I *was*, indeed, (says he) dead, but my soul has been

commanded to return to this body, in order that I might reveal a crime committed by those hands, and of which not even a suspicion ever entered into any mind—I now, therefore, avow, that I privily murdered my first wife.” He then related the particulars of the atrocity—showed where her bones lay—directed that they should be consigned to Christian sepulture, and then, for the second and last time, gave up the ghost.

I might proceed to recount very many foreign instances of this nature, supported by undoubted testimony, but abstain; and would in a great measure confine myself to Ireland: and what, I would ask, can be better authenticated than the relation which Bishop Maxwell gives, supported by the depositions of numerous witnesses, concerning the apparitions of the Protestants murdered in the Rebellion of 1641, on the bridge of Portadown. Dr. Maxwell, in his deposition ON OATH, thus speaks: “Deponent did not believe the same AT FIRST; but he lived within thirteen miles of the bridge, and never heard any man so much as doubt the truth of the fact; that the ghost of William Fullerton, Timothy Jephes, and most of those who were thrown over the bridge of Portadown, were daily and nightly seen to walk upon the river, sometimes singing of psalms, sometimes brandishing of naked swords, and sometimes screeching in a most horrible and fearful manner. Deponent further saith, that divers of the rebels assured him, that they themselves did dwell near the river, and being daily frightened with those apparitions—but especially with their horrible screeching—were, in conclusion, forced to remove farther into the country; and that their own priests and friars could not deny the truth thereof; but as oft as it was by deponent objected unto THEM, they said, that it was but a cunning slight of the devil to hinder the great work of propagating the Catholic faith, and killing of heretics; or that it was wrought by witchcraft. Deponent further says, that he obligeth no man’s faith, in that he saw it not with his own eyes; otherwise he had as much certainty, as morally could be required, of such a matter.” See *Dr. Robert Maxwell’s Examination—Borlase*.

Concerning the same period, we have also on record another supernatural circumstance, which occurred at the battle of Glenswilly, near Letterkenny, where the famous Ebber M’Mahon, the Romish bishop of Clogher, led on his troops against Sir Charles Coot, holding a breviary in one hand, and his good sword in the other. On the night before the action, when both armies lay on their arms—the small stream of the Swilly only dividing them—a woman of uncommon stature, all in white, appeared unto the bishop, and admonished him not to cross the river to assault the English, but to suffer them to attack; and if so, he would gain the victory: but if the Irish crossed first, they would certainly be routed. O’Cahan, and Sir Henry O’Neil, who both saw the same apparition, did all they could to dissuade the holy warrior—the bravest, the most devoted, and the most bigoted of men—but in vain. And the consequence was, that Coot cut to pieces the Irish army, killed O’Cahan and O’Neil on the field of battle; and taking the bishop in his flight from the field, hanged him up as a warning to all war-faring bishops— which warning, I hope from my heart, they will, in future, religiously observe.

The same author, to whom I am indebted for this fact, also tells me another, which explains an old Irish custom, with which every Irishman is familiar—namely, the hunting of the wren on St. Stephen’s day. It seems, that while a party of Sir Charles Coot’s army—composed of the rising of the Laggan—lay at Skirforlas, (near Letterkenny) a plan

was laid by O'Cahan to surprise them ; and he had nearly effected his purpose, when several wrens came and awakened the party by dancing, and pecking, and singing on the drums, just as the Irish were approaching : for this reason (says mine author) "the wild Irish mortally hate wrens to this very day, calling them the devil's servants, asserting that they have three drops of the devil's blood in them, and killing wherever they can catch them : they teach their children to run them through with thorns ; and you will see on a holiday a whole parish running like madmen from hedge to hedge a wren-hunting." While I am speaking of the province of Ulster, I think I ought not to pass by a story related by the late M. S——, a man of piety, and who walked in the retired paths of a truly Christian life : he relates, that not many years ago, towards the close of the eighteenth century, a young man died in Loughbrickland, in the county of Down, who lived a very wicked life, disregarding the Sabbath, which he spent in drinking, and all manner of debauchery and blasphemy. At the time of his wake, previous to the burial, as the candles burned round him, while he was stretched in his shroud, the looking-glass covered with a sheet, and others hung round the wall ; midnight came on ; and the wake was not attended, as is too customary, by drunkards and gossips, regaling with whiskey, and snuff, and pipes, while the young are taught to laugh away the terrors of death by obscene plays, and ill-timed merriment : this corpse, on the contrary, was but attended by a single person, to watch the candles ; and lo ! a most offensive smell rose from the body, and the attendant was forced to come forth for a few minutes ; and on returning, he perceived with horror unutterable, that the dead man was sitting up, resting on his elbow :—the family were called in ; and on their entering, the countenance of the corpse was ugly beyond human possibility ; and with many violent gesticulations and distortions of feature, he began to utter oaths of tremendous and unheard-of import, with a fluency not to be described. The curate, a young gentleman, was sent for to pray with the family ; but his prayers were drowned in the dreadful voice of the deceased. An old Presbyterian clergyman also came : he approached with his Bible, and never took his eyes off of it—because he was told that the look of the corpse had disconcerted the curate :—He adjured it by the three holy names of the Trinity—upon which, the corpse immediately shrunk down in the shroud. Those in the room hurried to put it in the coffin ; they nailed down the lid, and buried it as soon as possible. Mr. S. was in the house, and witnessed the whole transaction : he said the voice from the corpse was most appalling.

While in the north, I cannot resist the temptation of giving my readers, who may not have seen the original work from whence I borrow the story, an account of the Fannat ghost, which is believed in by all inhabiting that wild and unfrequented district of Donegal, and which is told as follows, perhaps in too light a strain, by the author of *Sketches in the North and South of Ireland* :—

"When I was a little boy, my father, God be with his soul, put me to herd sheep with Jerry M'Cullum, who kept a tan-yard, and besides that, held a farm in Fannat. Jerry's father was not long dead, and he had left him well off in the world—the old man was to be sure, a passionate old body ; and when he was *dacently* buried, Jerry was not sorry that he had tan-pits, farm, and the whole *concern* to himself. But not many days after, as the girl was in the byre milking the cows ; and just as she was done, and her piggin full, all at once the cows set about a moaning in their bales ; they then began to kick and fling : the milk was all kicked about and spilt ;

and looking behind her, what should Honor O'Kane see but her old master, looking grim and grizly at her, and surrounded with blue blazes; and then to be sure, Honor made haste to quit the byre. The cows, when they were turned out next morning, never could be forced in again; nor if you cut their tails off, would they ever go into these bales any more.

“Not long after this, the apparition came into the kitchen, and without any provocation at all, tossed down all the bacon from the hob, on the heads of the *sarvants*, as they were waiting for their supper.

“At another time, as the young master was sitting over a glass of punch with his friends, all at once, the press, the cupboard, the clock, and all the pewter, glass, and *chany*, set about tumbling and tossing around them; and trouble-the-house was seen with a curious and devilish grin, throwing soot and dust in the eyes and mouth of the astonished guests. He was the most mischievous ghost that came out of Purgatory—not a man could come about the house after night-fall, without having his head broke; the dogs ran away out of the tan-yard; the hides rotted in the pits; the farm ran to weeds, and neglect; all were at sixes and sevens—and still the old ghost was as vexatious and turbulent as ever. The only person he would let alone was Tim the piper: Tim had often played *Coolin*, and the *jig Polthoge*, for the old master, just when he was in a passion; and now Tim came, and even after sunset he ventured to fill his pipes, and lilt up one of the old tunes; for sure and *sartin*, said he, the ould gentleman, God give him rest, will take my music, as he always did, in good part; nay, I will lay my tobacco-pipe upon my knee along with the chaunter, and I would not put it past the ould crathur, cross as he is to them all, but he will fill my pipe for me with the best Virginia: well, would you believe it, but Tim the piper was not out in his reckoning; for that very night, after he had finished playing *Coolin*, he found a roll of tobacco lying on his knee, for which Tim was, as in duty bound, for ever thankful. But this did not satisfy the young master; every thing about was going to the bad, and he was thinking of running away to America. But before he made up his mind to quit, he was determined to leave no stone unturned to lay the ghost in the Red Sea. So he went to a fairy woman, and she desired him to take a white cock, and just at the threshold of his door, to wring his neck off, and sprinkle the blood up and down the house, and that would drive away the ghost. But it would not do: and that very night the rioting and the roaring, the tossing about of tables, chairs, and all sorts of moveables, were worse than ever.

“Then he was advised to go to the freemasons, and try what they would do with their *hocus pocus*; so he brought, for love or money, I am sure I don't know which, a jolly-looking man, with silver trowel and fine satin apron, covered over with golden angles, and arches, and suns and moons. The honest man took plenty of dinner and plenty of punch, for freemasons are free enough with the liquor; and then he set to work, flourishing his trowel up and down the house, muttering Greek gibberish to himself. But, my dear, while he was in the midst of his fee-fa-fum, and just as he was standing on the stairs, under the cock-loft, the ghost, setting up a horse laugh, pitched a cow's hide, full of horns, on his skull; and some of the horns stuck in his head, and hung queerly over his ears, others fastened in his silver apron—others tumbled and clattered so about his heels, that the poor devil thought all hell was broke loose upon him; and off he set, roaring like a bull through the country. At last, Jerry was advised to go to the priest. Now, I ought to have told you long before, that Jerry and all his breed were Protestants; and he did not like to go to his *Ravereence*, because his ould friends would say he was a turncoat. But what's all the world to a man, if his house be haunted, and he can't sleep; so Jerry went even as he was desired to Father Phelim, the Priest; and to be sure, he received Jerry M'Cullum in his parlour most genteelly. ‘What's your business with me, Mr. M'Cullum?’ ‘Why, Father, I suppose you have heard of my sore troubles, and how I have neither prosperity by day, nor rest by night. My father's ghost is sure to be the ruin of me.’ ‘But why, Mr. M'Cullum, should you come to me? You were never under my knee—you were never

at my mass—you have lived without my sacraments—you have paid me no dues—you keep no more fasts than a dog—and the church holds you as a heathen and a publican. What have you to do with me, Mr. Jerry M'Cullum?' 'Och! but Father dear, do but come this once and lay this cruel ghost; and I promise you that I and all belonging to me will go to mass, and do your bidding all the days of our lives.' 'Do you say so?' says the Priest. 'Will you give me your Bible oath that neither you nor yours, in *secula seculorum*, will ever darken a church or meeting-house door? that you will come to my altar, fast on Friday, come to confession at Easter, and take and conform to the rosary of the Virgin? swear, I say, by the cross and by this book, you will thus mind my bidding, and come home to the open arms of your mother, the church, and I will go in the name of the Virgin, St. Patrick, and St. Columbkille, and lay the ghost in the Red Sea.' Jerry swore and crossed himself willingly; and that very night the Priest proceeded in his vestments, and with his breviary and his bell, and a bottle of holy water, and the clerk of the chapel bearing two holy candles. He marched up and down the house; he read all the sacred Latin prayers; he challenged and he chid the ghost; he commanded it with a mighty voice to return to its own place, for the work was done, and there was no more occasion for it to walk under the moon; and then the holy man closed his book, and ordered the holy water to be sprinkled, the bell was rung, the blessed candles were put out; and from that day to this, Jerry's house is quiet, and he and all his seed and breed are good Catholics."

This, perhaps, has too ludicrous a cast for this my very serious purpose; so I shall retreat back upon the sobriety of my subject, and look to Mr. Wesley, who is a willing and powerful ally to my cause: and however he may be despised by the scoffer and the sceptic, I hold him to be one of the wisest, as he was one of the best, of men. Speaking of supernatural appearances, he says, "It is true, there are several of them which I do not comprehend; but this is with me a very slender objection: for what is it I do comprehend, even of the things I see daily! truly, not

"The smallest grain of sand or spire of grass."

I know not how the one grows, or how the particles of the other cohere together. What pretence have I then to deny well attested facts, because I cannot comprehend them? It is true, that the English now, as well as most men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it; I enter my most solemn protest against this compliment, which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who believe it not—I owe them no such service." Again, he says, "One of the capital objections to all these accounts, which I have heard urged over and over, is this—did you ever see an apparition yourself? No: nor did I ever see a murder; yet I believe there is such a thing, the testimony of unexceptionable witnesses fully convinces me both of the one and the other." Having given this preface of Mr. Wesley to one of the supernatural relations recorded in his Journal, I may venture to present my readers with a fact which he relates as having occurred to a lady in the south of Ireland:—

"About thirty years ago I was addressed by way of marriage, by Mr. Richard Mercier, then a volunteer in the army. The young gentleman was quartered at that time in Charleville, where my father lived, who approved of his addresses, and directed me to look upon him as my future husband. When the regiment left the town, he promised to return in two months and marry me. From Charleville he went to Dublin, thence to his father's, and from thence to England: where, his father having bought him a cornetcy of horse, he purchased many ornaments for the wedding; and returning to Ireland, let us know that he would be at our house at Charleville, in a few

days: on this the whole family was busied to prepare for his reception, and the ensuing marriage; when, one night, my sister Molly and I being asleep in our bed, I was awakened by the sudden opening of the side curtain, and, starting up, saw Mr. Mercier, standing by the bed-side. He was wrapped up in a loose sheet, and had a napkin folded like a night-cap on his head. He looked at me very earnestly, and lifting up the napkin, which must shade his face, shewed me the left side of his head, all bloody and covered with his brains. The room, mean time, was quite light. My terror was excessive, which was still increased by his stooping over the bed, and embracing me in his arms. My cries alarmed the whole family, who came crowding into the room. Upon their entrance, he gently withdrew his arms, and ascended, as it were through the ceiling. I continued for some time in strong fits. When I could speak, I told them what I had seen. One of them a day or two after, going to the post master for letters, found him reading the newspapers, in which was an account, that cornet Mercier, going into Christchurch belfry, in Dublin, just after the bells had been ringing; and standing under the bells, one of them, which was turned bottom upwards, suddenly turning again, struck one side of his head, and killed him on the spot. On further inquiry, we found he was struck on the left side of his head."

I could give many equally strange narratives from the journals of this eminent man; and would particularly direct the reader's attention to what he relates, vol. iv. p. 359, concerning Elizabeth Hobson, who was born in Scotland, in 1744, and who is described as having seen sundry extraordinary sights and apparitions, and who was converted about the sixteenth year of her age, continued during a whole course of a virtuous and pious life, to exhibit the beauty of her belief in the holy simplicity and godly sincerity of her behaviour. And here, as I have given facts authenticated by a divine, I may as well give what is recorded as having happened to himself, by a learned Irish judge, who in his *Personal Sketches* relates this extraordinary circumstance:—

"One of the greatest pleasures I enjoyed while residing at Dunran, county of Wicklow, was the near abode of Lord Rossmore, at that time commander-in-chief, who lived at Mount Kennedy, in a style few people can attain to. This intimacy gave rise to an occurrence, the most extraordinary and inexplicable of my whole life. Lord Rossmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having had a single day's indisposition. During the viceroyalty of Earl Hardwick, Lady Barrington met Lord Rossmore at a drawing-room at Dublin Castle; he had been making up one of his weekly parties for Mount Kennedy, to commence the next day, and the Lord Lieutenant was to be one of the company. 'My little farmer,' said he to Lady Barrington, addressing her by a pet name, 'when you go home, tell Sir Jonah that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to-morrow—I will have no *if* in the matter—so tell him that come he *must*.' She promised positively, and on her return informed me of the engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our bed-chamber about twelve, and towards two in the morning, I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature—I listened—it occurred first at short intervals, it neither resembled a voice or an instrument—it was softer than any voice, and wilder than any music, and seemed to float in the air—I don't know wherefore—but my heart beat forcibly, the sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air, when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed its tone; it seemed descending. I felt every nerve tremble—it was not a *natural* sound, nor could I make out the point from whence it came; at length I awakened Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself—my wife appeared at first less affected by it than I, but subsequently she was more so. We now went to a large window in our bed-room, which looked directly into a small garden underneath—the sound seemed then obviously to ascend from a grass-plot, immediately below our window—it continued—Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sounds lasted for

more than half an hour—at last a deep heavy throbbing sigh, seemed to issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded by a sharp low cry, and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, of Rossmore, Rossmore, Rossmore ! I will not attempt to describe my own feelings ; I cannot, indeed. The maid fled in horror from the window, and it was with difficulty I persuaded my wife to return to bed. In about a minute after, the sound died gradually away, and all was silent. Lady Barrington, who is not so superstitious as I, attributed the circumstance to a hundred different causes, and made me promise not to mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should thereby be rendered laughing-stocks—at length wearied with speculations, we fell into a sound slumber. About seven the ensuing morning, a strong rap at my chamber-door awakened me, the recollection of the past night's adventure rushed instantly on my mind, and rendered me very unfit to be taken suddenly on any subject—it was light—I went to the door, when my faithful servant, Lawler, exclaimed on the other side, ' O Lord, Sir ! ' ' What is the matter ? ' said I, hurriedly—' Oh, Sir ! ' exclaimed he, ' Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me in passing, that my Lord after coming from the Castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about half after two this morning, his own man, hearing a noise in his master's bed, (he slept in the same room) went to him and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the other servants all was over.' I conjecture nothing, I only relate the incident as unequivocally matter of FACT. Lord Rossmore was *absolutely dying at the moment I heard his name pronounced*—let sceptics draw their own conclusions ; perhaps natural causes may be assigned, but I am totally unequal to the task."

As a match to this, I may give an anecdote, which I heard from the lips of a dignitary of the Church of Ireland, who received it from the person to whom it occurred:—In a midland county of Ireland, west of the metropolis, lived a gentleman of rank and fortune, who constantly resided in a princely house, on his own property ; and where he lived beloved by all his tenantry, and respected by his neighbours : he had no son to inherit his estate—but he had brothers. One morning, this gentleman, whose bed-chamber was accessible from the ground without, was murdered in his bed ; blood was shed all around, and sundry marks of violence on his person showed that his death was the infliction of others. Every inquiry for the perpetrators of the bloody deed was made, but without effect—the circumstance was the subject of much conversation, and of no small suspicion. But the next brother succeeded to the property ; and in time, the awful event ceased to be thought or talked of : and it so happened, that a northern gentleman of high respectability was passing by that way, and his horse falling under him, broke his leg, and he was carried to the house where the murder was committed, and laid on the very bed where the slaughtered man expired : there his leg was duly set ; and there he remained receiving all hospitable attention, and treated with all the kindness and respect which his character and his condition required : and now, as convalescent, he would occasionally move from his room into the dining-parlour, to enjoy the family society ; and when tired, he would return to his chamber. And so it was, that on the day or so previous to his departure to his own home, he returned as usual into his chamber, and looking on the bed, he found it all stained with blood : in horror he summoned the whole family in to witness the fearful sight, which caused universal dismay. The gentleman, doubtless, would no more remain in the mysterious chamber, but hastened to his own home ; and he has often, with all possible awe, recounted the strange event—not more extraordinary, because unattended with any development or discovery. I shall now conclude these well-authenticated accounts of apparitions, which, the reader will observe, I have with true patriotic spirit confined to Ireland,

by narrating as briefly as possible what occurred about one hundred and forty years ago to a gentleman's butler, in the county of Cork, near to Lord Orrery :—

"A gentleman in Ireland, near to the Earl of Orrery's, sending his butler one afternoon to buy cards, as he passed a field, to his wonder he espied a company of people sitting round a table, with a deal of good cheer before them in the midst of the field: and he going up towards them, they all arose and saluted him, and desired him to sit down with them; but one of them whispered these words in his ear; 'do nothing this company invites you to.' Hereupon he refused to sit down at the table, and immediately table and all that belonged to it were gone; and the company are now dancing and playing upon musical instruments. And the butler being desired to join himself with them, but he refusing this also, they all fell to work, and he not being to be prevailed with, to accompany them in working any more than in feasting, or dancing, they all disappeared, and the butler is now alone, but instead of going forwards, home he returns as fast as he could drive, in a great consternation; and was no sooner entered his master's door, but falls down, and lay sometime senseless, but coming again to himself, he related to his master what had passed.

"The night following there comes one of this company to his bed-side, and tells him, 'that if he offered to stir out of doors the next day, he would be carried away.' Hereupon he kept within; but towards the evening, having need to go forth, he adventured to put one foot over the threshold, several standing by, which he had no sooner done, but they espied a rope cast about his middle: and the poor man was hurried away with great swiftness, they following him as fast as they could, but could not overtake him; at length they espied a horseman coming towards him, and made signs to him to stop the man, whom he saw coming near him, and both ends of the rope, but no body drawing; when they met, he laid hold on one end of the rope, and immediately had a smart blow given him over his arm with the other end; but by this means the man was stopped, and the horseman brought him back with him.

"The Earl of Orrery, hearing of these strange passages, sent to the master, to desire him to send this man to his house, which he accordingly did; and the morning following, or quickly after, he told the Earl, that his spectre had been with him again, and assured him, that that day he should most certainly be carried away, and that no endeavours should avail to the saving of him; upon this he was kept in a large room, with a considerable number of persons to guard him, among whom was the famous stroker, Mr. Greatrix, who was a neighbour. There were, beside other persons of quality, two bishops in the house at the same time, who were consulted concerning the making use of a medicine, the spectre or ghost prescribed, of which mention will be made anon, but they determined on the negative.

"Till part of the afternoon was spent all was quiet, but at length he was perceived to rise from the ground, whereupon Mr. Greatrix, and another lusty man clapt their arms over his shoulders, one of them before him, and the other behind, and weighed him down with all their strength; but he was forcibly taken up from them, and they were too weak to keep their hold, and for a considerable time he was carried in the air, to and fro over their heads, several of the company still running under him, to prevent his receiving hurt, if he should fall; at length he fell and was caught before he came to the ground, and had by that means no hurt.

"All being quiet till bed-time, my lord ordered two of his servants to lie with him, and the next morning he told his lordship, that his spectre was again with him, and brought a wooden dish, with grey liquor in it, and bid him drink it off; at the first sight of the spectre, he said he endeavoured to awake his bed-fellows, but it told him, that that endeavour should be in vain; and that he had no cause to fear him, he being his friend, and he that at first gave him the good advice in the field, which had he not followed, he had been before now perfectly in the power of the company he saw there; he added, that he concluded it was impossible, but that he

should have been carried away the day before, there being so strong a combination against him ; but now he could assure him, that there would be no more attempts of that nature ; but he being troubled with two sorts of fits, he had brought that liquor to cure him of them, and bid him drink it ; he peremptorily refusing, the spectre was angry, and upbraided him with great disingenuity, but told him, however, he had a kindness for him, and that if he would take plantain juice, he should be well of one sort of fits, but he should carry the other to his grave ; the poor man having by this time somewhat recovered himself, asked the spectre, whether by the juice of plantain he meant that of the leaves, or roots ? It replied the roots.

" Then it asked him, whether it did not know him ? he answered no ; it replied, I am such an one : the man answered, he had been long dead : I have been dead, said the spectre, or ghost, seven years, and you know that I lived a loose life, and ever since I have been hurried up and down in a restless condition, with the company you saw, and shall be to the day of judgment ; then he proceeded to tell him, that had he acknowledged God in his way, he had not suffered such severe things by their means ; and further said, you never prayed to God that day before you met with this company in the fields."

I would now, before I make an end, put forward a remark or two, and one of them shall be concerning dreams. I am one of those who consider that there may be, and is, a communion between the visible and invisible world, as well by dreams as by apparitions and fetches, &c. &c. and in order to show that there is such, I do not desire to adduce a stronger instance than that afforded me by an adversary who chooses to write a book, in a truly Scotch spirit, endeavouring to explain away dreams, as his predecessors, Drs. Ferrier and Hibbert, have explained away apparitions. Dr. Macnish, in his recent work on the Philosophy of Sleep, which is confessedly both amusing and instructive, endeavours to philosophise away with a truly national and system-building spirit, all the romance, the warnings, and imaginative interest of our dreams ; but he, even in spite of his theory, is obliged to adduce cases of dreams so extraordinary, that the very weight of their supernaturality crushes to atoms his own position. The following is a specimen :—

" Being in company the other day, when the conversation turned upon dreams, I related one, which, as it happened to my own father, I can answer for the perfect truth of it. About the year 1731, my father, Mr. D. of K—, in the County of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment then in the Castle, and remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffiths, during the winter. When spring arrived, Mr. D. and three or four young gentlemen from England, (his intimates,) made practices to visit all the neighbouring places about Edinburgh, Roslin, Arthur's Seat, Craig-Millar, &c. &c. Coming home one evening from some of those places, Mr. D. said, ' We have made a party to go a-fishing to Inch-Keith to-morrow, if the morning is fine, and have bespoke our boat ; we shall be off at six : ' no objection being made, they separated for the night.

" Mrs. Griffiths had not been long asleep, till she screamed out in the most agitated manner, ' The boat is sinking ; save, oh, save them ! ' The Major awaked her, and said, ' Were you uneasy about the fishing party ? ' ' Oh no,' said she, ' I had not once thought of it.' She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again : in about an hour, she cried out in a dreadful fright, ' I see the boat is gone down.' The Major again awoke her, and she said, ' It has been owing to the other dream I had ; for I feel no uneasiness about it.' After some conversation, they both fell sound asleep, but no rest could be obtained for her ; in the most extreme agony, she again screamed, ' They are gone ; the boat is sunk ! ' When the Major awakened her, she said, ' Now I cannot rest ; Mr. D. must not go, for I feel, should he go, I would be miserable till his return ; the thoughts of it would almost kill me.'

"She instantly arose, threw on her wrapping-gown, went to his bed-side, for his room was next their own, and with great difficulty she got his promise to remain at home. 'But what am I to say to my young friends whom I was to meet at Leith at six o'clock?' 'With great truth you may say your aunt is ill, for I am so at present; consider, you are an only son, under our protection, and should any thing happen to you, it would be my death.' Mr. D. immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented from joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The morning came in most beautifully and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat, and all that were in it, went to the bottom, and were never heard of, nor was any part of it ever seen."

Now, what does the Doctor say of all this? Why asserts the learned Theban, all this must be referred to chance!!! Chance—why Doctor, dear, you might as well refer your own generation to chance, and resolve the printing of your own good book into a fortuitous coincidence, and aggregation of a certain number of types in a galley.

And now, Mr. Editor, in closing these my brief and unworthy testimonies, to the reality of a connexion between the material and spiritual world—I desire to reply before-hand, to a question that may naturally be put to me—did you, Mr. Oufle, ever see a ghost yourself—were you ever warned by a fetch—were you ever prepared for the death of any of your relatives by a banshee—had you ever any illapses from above, or revelations from the unseen world in dreams of the night—can you prove personally that your imaginings are not mere fondnesses, generated by your own diseased broodings, or by your unhallowed studies, or by your unwholesome self-indulgences in wine or tea, in tobacco or opium—and may not your belief, which originally was puerile absurdity, sucked in with your nurse's milk, now be senile dotages, concentrated and concocted through a long series of years, by studies but too suitable and subservient to your morbid appetite? To these questions I shall make no other reply, but request of you to take the following narrative: and as worthy Sir Walter has given us an account of a night spent in Glamis castle, and Dunvegen, allow me to describe a night spent in the King's county.

Some years ago, having occasion to travel southwards along the course of the Shannon, I struck a little inwards towards the range of the Slievebloom mountains, in order to visit a relation who resided in the district, once known as Ely O'Carrol, and who occupied a castle, that in olden time belonged to a chieftain of the sept of the O'Carrols, and which guarded a mountain-pass that led into the gorges of these desolate hills. My friend was of Cromwellian descent; and as often, nay I may say always, was the case in Ireland, the newcomers and their descendants had assimilated themselves to the manners, the customs, the virtues, and the vices of the aborigines; and the same profuse hospitality, the same wild, loose, carousing, *gossiped*, existed with him and his race as amongst the O'Carrols, the Graces, or the O'Kennedys, of three centuries ago. The mansion was composed of a modern building, awkwardly tacked to the old fortalice, and my apartment was the large castle chamber, where many an O'Carrol found both a bridal and a dying bed. Some one of my friend's forefathers, with true Cromwellian bad taste, had removed the old mulioned casement with all its leaden lattices, and replaced it with a large heavy and ugly Venetian window, whose incongruous dimensions were partly hid by the ivy that mantled it all around: the period was winter, and in the wide-mouthed fire-place, a huge fire of blazing turf burned brightly. The lady of the house accompanied me to my room when the

family retired to rest ; our very near relationship, and our desire to converse on the long-past, and much-loved remembrances of our youth, induced us to sit long together, until the fire wore itself away on the hearth, and the candles faltered in their sockets. Amongst other things she spoke of her own family—she spoke of her husband's predecessor in the property—described him as a character but too common in his time, as neither fearing God or man—a great farmer—great sportsman—notorious duellist—an insatiable drunkard. In the morning at fair or market, the keenest of men in driving a bargain—at night at the head of his board, the chief and the promoter of the most uproarious hospitality. The commandments of the moral law, when in the way of his ungovernable propensities, were as burnt tow in the hands of the strong man—and, yet, he was the exemplar of a good Protestant, for he could curse the Papists bitterly, and he toasted old Nol and the good King William devoutly. And so it was, according to my fair narrator, that this specimen of an Irish squire grew old, and the gout conquered him, and he could no more either hunt, or carouse ; and his pleasures were restricted to overlooking his hounds in the kennel, his hunters in the stable, and his bullocks in the stall ; and while in a paroxysm of wrath, he was cursing at his steward, apoplexy struck him, and he was consigned to the bed, from which he was never more to rise, which bed I was that night about to repose on. It is not true that the banshee alone attends on Milesian families—I believe in many instances, like the cat, it is attached more to houses than to people, and in case a good Cromwellian that has possessed himself of an inheritance, lives with all due hospitable revelry in the castle, with fire on the hearth, and feast on the board—the banshee transfers her duty—and she crones and keens as well for Sassenach, as for Milesian—at least so it was on the present occasion. Squire —, was evidently on his death-bed—the winter's night had set in stilly, but gloomy—the heavy mountain mist had come down, and threw its mantle round the castle-walls, and scarcely was the sighing of the night-wind heard from the adjoining fir-grove, and not even a hound's howl from the kennel, was heard to interrupt the nocturnal repose—when a mournful voice, as that of one who keened well at a funeral, was heard under the window, and now it rose to loud lamentations, then died away into deep sighing—while the watchers in the room in mute astonishment, now looked towards the window, and again towards the bed of the sick man—when suddenly a wind came from the four corners of the room, shook violently the table beside the sick bed, where all the vial bottles and other testimonials of sickness stood, and suddenly the patient awoke from his sleep, asked in a fright, who was it called for him, then plunged in his bed, uttered a deep groan, and expired.

This story, told by my fair friend, who declared she was a witness to the fearful scene, left no small impression on my mind ; and as she arose to take her departure, and leave me to my good night, I felt an awe approaching to terror, which I was ashamed to own even to myself. However, I hastened to bed, and consigning myself to the protection of a good Providence, put out the light—fatigued with a long day's journey, I soon fell into sleep, but it was a deranged slumber, fraught with fearful and horrid imaginings, and I awoke under the unnerving pressure of a night-mare—upon opening my eyes all was still—the fire was dead on the hearth—silence and darkness were all around me, save that from the unshuttered top of the Venetian window, a planet sent its diamond sparkles into the room, and now I heard a slow melancholy moaning, which fancy suggested might be the banshee, and

which reason, on the contrary, announced to be the whining of a hound in the kennel. While in this state of exciteable uncertainty, all at once, and with a crash, the window shutters burst open, and I saw, as it were, a white form dart through, and descend from the window, and pass into the room—guess, Sir, my agony of terror—I hid my head under the bed-clothes—every pore of my body burst into a profuse perspiration, and thus I lay almost choked for want of breath—a pitiable specimen of an unmeasured sinewless coward—at length sense and reason rallied, and I asked myself, Caspar, are you a man? Fie on you, Caspar Oufle, rouse yourself. So in an agony of desperate reaction, I burst out from bed, rushed towards the door, which I hastily opened, and here rushed by me, and between my legs, a large white cat, from whose emerald eyes fire flashed as she cantered down stairs. The fact was, that on the huge old-fashioned ledge that divided the sashes of the window, grimalkin had fixed herself, in order to watch the birds that roosted in the adjoining ivy, and long confined to her position by the window-shutter, she had made a successful effort to escape. It is needless to say that I retired to my bed, and released from my terrors, slept soundly. But was all this any reason for me to renounce my belief in apparitions, because I was in this instance disappointed? No, Sir, quite the reverse; it has confirmed me in my congenial credulities; and it still forms much of my conversation, and much of my studies, the theory and science of demonology, witchcraft, ghost-seeing, &c. &c. and I do wish, Sir, I had you in my study at Fairyfield, in order that I might display before you as goodly a collection of works on alchymy, astrology, demonology, dreams, divinations, and occult science, as is, perhaps, possessed by any adept in this kingdom.

I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,
CASPAR OUFLE.

CHRISTMAS TIMES—THE ANNUALS.

When, looking back through the mists of years, the mind dwells upon the happiness and the festivity which Easter, Hallow-e'en, and Christmas times brought to our ancestors—and when in fondness our memory turns to those scenes which, ere change and innovation had wrought their perfect work, in the days of our boyhood marked the drama of life and gave the holiday of the heart—and when with them we contrast the dull monotony with which time now marks its course—in bitterness of spirit, we exclaim, "Here, at least, the march of intellect has done too much." Had it confined its sweeping progress to the highways of life, well—but to break down all those fair hedges which beguiled the tedium of the path!—this was too much. It is true, that the revolving seasons now, as heretofore, still bring with them All Hallows Eve and Christmas-day, and that nuts and apples still mark the presence of the one, and a plum-pudding, perhaps, the brief existence of the other; but these are only the cold, inanimate resemblances of things which once moved before us in all the beauty and energy of life. The sportive mirth and the happy faces with which they were once associated, are gone; and we look upon the remaining spiritless observances with a melancholy pleasure, similar to that which is produced by the pale, marble lineaments of a departed friend; and we are ready to inquire, what real benefit has resulted from this curtail-